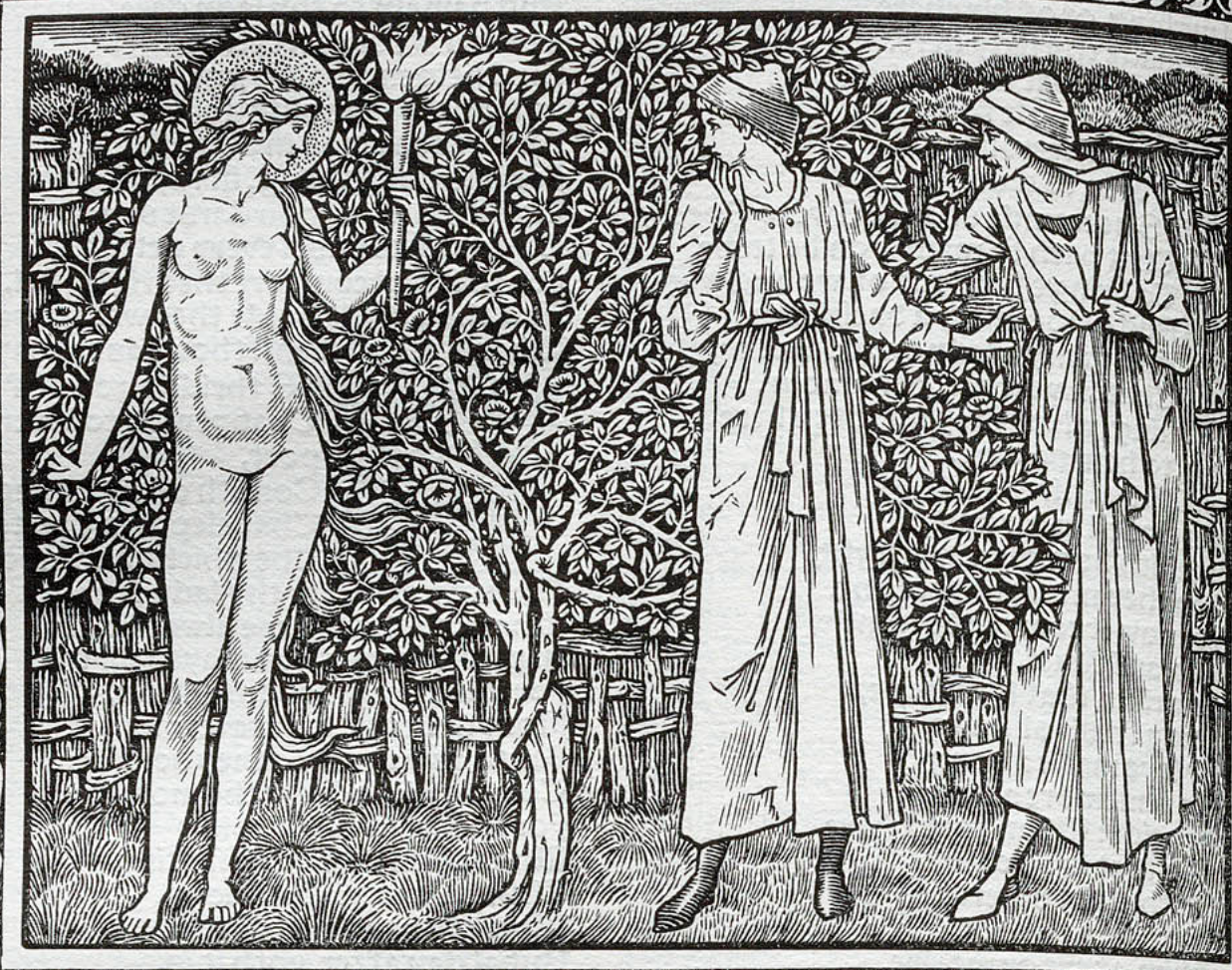




feithful, and ful of stabilite.
Good Hope alwey kepe by thy syde,
And Swete Thought make eek abyde,
Swete Loking and Swete Speche;
Of alle thyn harmes they shal be leche.
Of every thou shalt have greet plesaunce;
If thou canst byde in sufferaunce,
And serve wel without feyntyse,
Thou shalt be quit of thyn emprise,
With more guerdoun, if that thou live;
But al this tyme this I thee yive.

THE God of Love whan al
the day
Had taught me, as ye have
herd say,
And enfourmed compen-
diously,
He vanished away al sodeynly,
And I alone lefte, al sole,
So ful of compleynt and of dole,
for I saw no man ther me by.
My woundes me greved wondirly;
Me for to curen nothing I knew,
Save the botoun bright of hew,
Wheron was set hoolly my thought;
Of other comfort knew I nought,
But it were through the God of Love;
I knew nat elles to my bihove

That might me ese or comfort gete,
But if he wolde him entremete.
THE roser was, withoute doute,
Closed with an hegge withoute,
As ye tofore have herd me seyn;
And fast I bisied, and wolde fayn
Have passed the hage, if I might
Have gotten in by any slight
Unto the botoun so fair to see.
But ever I dradde blamed to be,
If men wolde have suspeccioun
That I wolde of entencioun
Have stole the roses that ther were;
Therefore to entre I was in fere.
But at the last, as I bithought
Whether I sholde passe or nought,
I saw come with a gladde chere
To me, a lusty bachelere,
Of good stature, and of good hight,
And Bialacoil forsothe he hight. **Bialacoil**
Sone he was to Curtesey,
And he me graunted ful gladly
The passage of the outer hay,
And seide: Sir, how that ye may
Passe, if it your wille be,
The fresshe roser for to see,
And ye the swete savour fele.
Your warrant may I be right wele;



So thou thee kepe fro folye,
Shal no man do thee vilanye.
If I may helpe you in ought,
I shal not feyne, dredeth nought;
For I am bounde to your servyse,
fully devouid of feyntyse.

THAN unto Bialacoil saide I:
I thank you, sir, ful hertely,
And your biheest I take at gree,
That ye so goodly profer me;
To you it cometh of greet fraunchyse,
That ye me profer your servyse.
Chan aftir, ful deliverly,
Through the breres anon wente I,
Wherof encombred was the hay.
I was wel plesed, the soth to say,
To see the botoun fair and swote,
So fresshe spronge out of the rote.
And Bialacoil me served wel,
Whan I so nygh me mighte fele
Of the botoun the swete odour,
And so lusty hewed of colour.

BETTER than a cherl, foule him bityde!
Byside the roses gan him hyde.
To kepe the roses of that roser,
Of whom the name was Daunger. **Daunger**
This cherl was hid there in the greves,
Covered with grasse and with leves,

To spye and take whom that he fond
Unto that roser putte an hond.
He was not sole, for ther was mo;
for with him were other two
Of wikkid maners, and yvel fame. **Wikkid Tonge**
That oon was clepid, by his name,
Wikkid Tonge, God yeve him sorwe!
for neither at eve, ne at morwe,
He can of no man no good speke;
On many a just man doth he wreke.
Ther was a womman eek, that hight
Shame, that, who can reken right, **Shame**
Trespas was hir fadir name,
Hir moder Resoun; and thus was Shame
On lyve brought of these ilk two.
And yit had Trespas never ado
With Resoun, ne never ley hir by,
He was so hidous and ugly,
I mene, this that Trespas hight;
But Resoun conceyved, of a sight,
Shame, of that I spak afor. **Chastitee**

AND whan that Shame was thus born,
It was ordeyned, that Chastitee
Shulde of the roser lady be,
Which, of the botouns more and las,
With sondry folk assailed was,
That she ne wiste what to do.
for Venus hir assailith so,